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The Bully



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Chapter 1 by FrenchToast

I sat cross-legged on my memory foam mattress with the sound of Gerard Way's beautiful voice filling my ears. This was my escape. My only happy place. It was 7:32 on a sunny Tuesday morning. I didn't want to go to school. I never want to go to school. But I have to. I would actually like school if the bullies didn't exist. They torment me daily. But there's something about one of them....Well, I like him. His name is Daniel. He's really cute. But there are two things wrong with this...He's my bully, and I don't know if he's gay like me...My name is Dylan. Dylan Aaron. I'm 15 years old and I'm in love with my bully. I trudged out of my room, not caring to eat breakfast. I grabbed my backpack and put my arms through the straps. I took a deep breath. New school year, maybe the bullies would forget about me....Nope, I highly doubt that... "Bye mom! Bye dad!" I called before I walked out the door. I strolled down the street to my bus stop, keeping my head down and my black, flippy hair in front of my face. I waited at the end of my street for about 5 minutes before my bus pulled up next to me. I slowly walked down the aisle, hoping that no one would trip me as I was walking. I safely plopped into a seat. The bus was completely chaotic. Kids were throwing paper airplanes, jumping over the seats, and some were using the privacy of a bus seat as an excuse to make out. The large vehicle came to an abrupt stop and everybody jumped up in their seats. The bus driver opened the doors and

everyone swarmed out. This would be the start of a hellish school year...

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